THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 161.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN transcribing the third stanza of the first ternary, I have inadvertently copied the mistake committed in Dr. Anderson's edition of the *British Poets*. Instead of 'With Arts sublime,' &c. the passage should read,

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way.

These *sublime arms* of Venus, *floating upon the air*, are not, I confess, exactly to my taste. Mr. Wakefield has a note upon the verse, from which, however, I derive no reconciliation with the text: 'Mr. Thomson presents us with a similar image of great elegance:

"While the Peacock spreads
"His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,
"And *swims* in radiant majesty along."
Spring, 780.

Upon the verse that follows, Mr. Wakefield gives a note in which, in my judgment, he combats a contemptible criticism with but feeble arms:

'Ver. 39. She wins her easy way.

'The word *wins* has been objected to in this application, but I think without reason; as the idea of skill and dexterity seems full as much contained in it as that of difficulty. We cannot, however, have a more decisive proof of Mr. Gray's merit, than by observing with what petty cavils despairing criticism is forced to content herself, in her endeavours to depreciate his poetry!'

It appears to me, that, to those who object to the use of the verb *to win*, in this verse, it is only necessary to answer, that it signifies, among other things, *progressive motion*. *Win* and *wind* have doubtlessly the same etymon. *Ventus*, says Minshew, *à ventitando; quod cum impetu veniat*. Perot: *Nam ventus est aër motus. Venire est movere*. I suspect that it were better said, *quod veniat*, than *quod cum impetu veniat*; but, however this may be, *to win* means the mere *moving onward*, and does not necessarily suppose either *skill* or *difficulty*. Thus Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, gives us, as one of the interpretations of the word, that of *to gain ground*; and which he illustrates from the text of Shakespeare:

The rabble will in time *win* upon power.

With respect to the other significations of to *win*; as to *conquer*, to *obtain*; they are merely secondary. The original sense is to *move forward*, and, I believe, in whatever manner; the others express the *arrival at the object of motion*. If any *skill* or *difficulty* in the act were implied by to *win*, I should think the matter worse and worse, in what regards the *sublime* arms of Venus. Instead of *floating* upon the air, we must see them buffetting the 'azure deep,'

and the goddess really *swimming*. I should begin to think that gentleman's question not so *mal à propos*, who, in the dearth of other small-talk, asked a fine lady whether she could *swim*; and, all this *skill* and *difficulty* remembered, I should be at a loss to discover the propriety of the poet's description:

In *gliding* state, she wins her *easy* way.

She wins implies no more than that *she wends*, *goes*, or *moves*—her way.

In writing on a literary subject, I believe I ought not to leave Mr. W's note without setting a mark on the wretched English, 'We cannot, however, *have* a more decisive proof of Mr. Gray's merit than *by observing*, &c.

'Of the third ternary,' says Johnson, 'the first gives a mythological birth of Shakespeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of his poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless.'

The 'mythological birth' is in reality a mythological education. It represents Shakespeare as the child of Nature, laid in the *green lap* of Albion; as permitted to see his awful mother's face unveiled, and as presented by her with instruments for painting her features and opening her powers. This and the succeeding stanza have been considered as so closely connected, and the different decisions of Johnson upon each will appear, when viewed together, so curious, that I shall give them unseparated in transcription:

Far from the Sun, and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears!

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of extasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace!

'Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction,' says Johnson, 'is worse than useless; the counterfeit debases the genuine:' but, 'his account of Milton's blindness, if we suppose it caused by study in the formation of his poem, is poetically true, and happily imagined.' So, then, though fiction is equally employed in speaking both of Shakespeare and Milton, in the one case it is 'happily' and in the other, 'not happily.' The fiction, with respect to Milton, is 'poetically true;' but, with respect to Shakespeare, 'fiction is worse than useless.' I appeal, however, to every reader, whether, if 'the account of Milton's blindness,' even 'if we suppose it caused by study, in the formation of his poem,' be 'poetically true, it be not alike 'poetically true,' that Shakespeare was the child of Nature, and received from her his pencil and his keys? What do I say? The fiction of Shakespeare is nothing more than a personification; it is a poetical detail of metaphysical truth; it is a fiction conceived upon the legitimate principles of fiction: the fiction of Milton's blindness is a daring historical untruth. The one is an allegory, the other, a falsehood. If it were true, as it appears it is not, and therefore cannot be 'allowably supposed,' that Milton lost his sight through 'study in the formation of his poem,' could we, even upon this foundation, as justly say of Milton,

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night,

as, of Shakespeare, that—

To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!

This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or hope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears?

Other critics have not thought so hardly of the fiction in the first stanza, nor so favourably of that in the second. Mr. Wakefield expresses himself as follows: 'Our critic's judgment upon Mr. Gray's allegory of Shakespear, and his representation of Dryden, which is certainly characteristic, are to the last degree wretched and insipid.'—Of the account of Milton's blindness, Mr. W. observes, 'It certainly is no such hyperbolical fiction for poetry, which has the immemorial privilege of *quidlibet audendi*, to attribute the loss of Milton's eyes to the dazzling splendor of those heavenly visions which he contemplated during the composition of *Paradise Lost*; when he himself ascribes this misfortune to his studious exertions in the cause of liberty:

" ——What supports me, dost thou ask?
" The conscience, friend, to 'ave lost them overply'd
" In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
" Of which all Europe talks, from side to side.

'*Sonn.*'

'An ingenious person,' says Mason, 'who sent Mr. Gray his remarks anonymously on this and the following ode, soon after they were published, gives this stanza and the following a very just and well-expressed eulogy: " A poet " is perhaps never more conciliating " than when he praises favourite pre- " decessors in his art. Milton is not " more the pride than Shakespear the " love of *their* country: it is there- " fore equally judicious to diffuse a ten- " derness and a grace through the praise " of Shakespear, as to extol in a strain " more elevated and sonorous the bound- " less soarings of Milton's epic imagi- " nation." The critic has here well noted the beauty of contrast which results from the two descriptions; yet it is further to be observed, to the honor of our poet's judgment, that the tenderness and grace in the former do not prevent it from strongly characterizing the three capital perfections of Shakespeare's genius; and, when he describes his power of exciting terror (a species of the sublime) he ceases to be diffuse, and becomes, as he ought to be, concise and energetical. 'On the fiction of Milton's blindness, Mr. Mason has a copious and interesting note:

'This has been condemned as a false thought, and more worthy of an Italian poet than of Mr. Gray. Count Algarotti, we have found in his letter to Mr. How, praises it highly; but, as he was an Italian critic, his judgment, in this point, will not perhaps, by many, be thought to overbalance the objection. The truth is, that this fiction of the cause of Milton's blindness is not beyond the bounds of poetical credibility, any more than the fiction which precedes it concerning the birth of Shakespeare, and therefore would be equally admissible, had it not the peculiar misfortune to encounter a fact too well known: on this account, the judgment revolts against it. Milton himself has told us, in a strain of heart-felt exultation (see his Sonnet to Cyriac Skynner), that he lost his eye-sight,

——overply'd
In LIBERTY'S DEFENCE, *his* noble task;
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.

And, when we know this to have been the true cause, we cannot admit a fictitious one, however sublimely conceived, or happily expressed. If, therefore, so lofty and unrivalled a description will not atone for this acknowledged defect, in relation to matter of fact, all that the impartial critic can do, is to point out the reason, and to apologize for the poet, who was necessitated by this subject to consider Milton only in his poetical capacity.

'Since the above note was published,' continues Mr. Mason, 'Mr. Brand, of East Deerham, in Norfolk, has favoured me with a letter, in which he informs me of a very similar hyperbole, extant in a MS. commentary upon Plato's Phædon, written by Hermias, a Christian philosopher of the second century, and which is printed in Bayle's Dictionary (Art. Achilles). It contains the following anecdote of Homer:— " That, keeping some sheep near the

tomb of Achilles, he obtained, by his offerings and supplications, a sight of that hero; who appeared to him surrounded by so much glory, that Homer could not bear the splendor of it, and that he was not only dazzled, but blinded by the sight." The ingenious gentleman makes no doubt but Mr. Gray took his thought from this passage, and applauds him for the manner in which he has improved on it: he also thinks in general, "that a deviation from historical truth, though it may cast a shade over the middling beauties of poetry, produces no bad effect where the magnificence and brilliance of the images entirely fill the imagination;" and, with regard to this passage in particular, he intimates, "that as the cause of Milton's blindness is not so well known as the thing itself, the licence of poetical invention may allow him to assign a cause different from the real fact." However this may be, the very exact resemblance which the two thoughts bear to one another will, I hope, vindicate Mr. Gray's from being a modern concetto, in the taste of the Italian school, as it has been deemed to be, by some critics. But this resemblance will do more (and it is on this account, chiefly, that I produce, and thank the gentleman for communicating it); it will prove the extreme uncertainty of deciding upon poetical imitations; for I am fully persuaded that Mr. Gray had never seen, or at least attended to, this Greek fragment. How scrupulous he was in borrowing even an epithet from another poet, many of his notes on this ode fully prove. And as to the passage in question, he would certainly have cited it, for the sake of vindicating his own taste by classical authority, especially when the thought had been so much controverted.' I shall close these extracts with one from the letter of Count Algarotti, containing the passage referred to by Mr. Mason:

'Vivissima è la pittura del pargoletto Shakespear, che tende le tenerelle mani e sorride alla natura che gli svela reverendo suo sembiante, e dipoi gli fa dono di quelle auree chiavi, che hanno virtù di schiudere le porte del riso, e la sacre fonte del simpatico pianto. Non può essere più poetica la ragione ch'egli fabbrica della cecità del Miltono, il quale, oltrepassati i fiammanti confine dello spazio e del tempo, ebbe ardire di fissare lo sguardo colà dove gli angioli stessi paventano di rimirare; e gli occhi suoi affuocati in quel pelago di luce si chiusero tosto in una notte sempiterna.'

I come now to the concluding observation of Johnson: 'But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.'—If this criticism be allowed, it must be on the score that the poetry of Dryden has nothing in it peculiar; for that the *car* borne *o'er the fields of glory* by *two coursers of ethereal race*,

With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-resounding pace,

conveys certain characteristic ideas to the mind, no reader will hesitate to acknowledge. In truth, this is only a more animated picture of what Pope had said before, who attributes to Dryden,

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

I am arrived at the last stanza of the ode:

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!
But, ah! 'tis heard no more!—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing, with supreme dominion,
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

The introduction of Dryden, at the second stanza of this ternary, has enabled the poet, by a very happy transition, to conclude as he begun, with the Lyric Muse:

Hark, his hands the *lyre* explore!

He represents the lyre as silent between

the days of Dryden and himself, and ends the ode with a view of his own powers and expectations: 'We have had in our own language,' says Mr. Gray, 'no other ode of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day; for Cowley (who had his merit) *yet* wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses,—above all, in the last of Caractacus:

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep tread?"

'This image of Pindar,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'is principally derived from a passage in Horace, in which he contrasts himself with the Theban bard; a passage which, for elegance of thought, beauty of expression, and melody of verse, is not excelled by any part of his *lyric* compositions:

"Multa Dircæum levat aura cygnum
"Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
"Nubium tractus. Ego, apis matinæ
"More modoque,
"Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
"Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
"Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
"Carmina fingo."

'That happy suspension of the verse—*tendit, Antoni*—gives additional dignity to the description, and almost exhibits to our eye the majestic ascension of the bird:

"A swelling gale bears up the Theban swan,
"While through the clouds sublime he wings his way.
"I, like a matin bee, that sips the flow'rs
"With toil assiduous o'er th' irriguous banks
"Of Tybur, painful frame my labour'd verse"

On the verses—

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,

Mr. W. observes,—'a new and very curious image! attired in as curious expression.'

This passage describes in a lively and pleasing manner the ideas that appear and sparkle and vanish in the mind. I had thought the language drawn from the line,——

Like the gay motes that people the sunbeams;

but I find in the *Poetical Works* of *Thomas Gray*, LL. B. London, 1800, a note which appears to afford at once the derivation of the idea and the phraseology: 'This passage seems borrowed from the following in sir William Temple's Essay on Poetry, in his *Miscellanies*: "There must be," says he, "a spritely imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and, *by the light of that true poetical fire*, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of *that* sun."

When I commenced this review, my design extended, as I described, only to the consideration of the ode, in company with Johnson's remarks; but, having been induced, as I have proceeded, to examine, with equal attention, the notes of Wakefield, Mason, and others, I feel myself in some danger of offending through prolixity. At length, however, I have thus far made an end. In my fourth letter, I shall trouble you with my final observations on the *Progress of Poesy*. The present I shall conclude with the general observations of a critic cited by Mr. Mason:

'The Critic above quoted concludes his remarks upon this ode, which he had written after his observations on the *Bard*, in a manner which accounts, in in my opinion, for the superior pleasure *it* [*Quere, the Progress of Poesy, or the Bard?*] has given to him, and also to the generality of readers: "I quit," says he, "this ode with the strongest conviction of its abundant merit; though I took it up (for this last attentive perusal) persuaded that it was not a little inferior to the other. They are not the treasures of imagination only that have so copiously enriched it; it speaks, but surely less feelingly than the *Bard* (still my favourite) to the heart. Can we, in truth, be equally interested *for* the fabulous, exploded gods of other nations (celebrated in the first half of this ode) as *by* the story of our own Edwards and Henries, or allusions to it? Can a description, the most perfect language

ever attained to, of tyranny expelling the Muses from Parnassus, sieze the mind equally with the horrors of Berkely-Castle, with the apostrophe to the Tower?

And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!

'I do not mean, however, wholly to decry fabulous subjects or allusions, nor more than to suggest the preference due to historical ones, where happily the poet's fertile imagination supplies him with a plentiful choice of both kinds, and he finds himself capable of treating both, according to their respective natures, with equal advantage.' STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Little children, keep yourselves from "idols."

The Apostle John, in the final paragraph of his letter, addressed to every denomination of Christians, proposes the above injunction.

At first view it might seem to be nothing more than a republication of one of the commandments, to abstain from idolatry, and an ignorant caviller might smile at the fancied absurdity of such a caution, addressed to *little children.*

But this precept of the Evangelist was not intended for the nursery. Infants of the largest growth we know have their rattles and "idols", and the "little children," whom John meant to keep safe, were men and women, who had reached the full measure of their stature, but who, from levity or profligacy, might become too fondly attached to objects "earthly, sensual, or devilish."

A learned commentator upon this passage might here exclaim, thou blind Lay Preacher, worthy to be classed with the foolish Galatians, cannot you perceive that your text was designed merely as a warning against the worship of images, set up by the Pagans, and that the Gentiles were the little children, whom John thus seriously invoked.

This is too partial and narrow an explanation.

I am willing to suppose that John, like other zealous Christians of that age, was anxious to strip each Roman temple of its false God. But the Apostle well knew that there were idols, the objects of fond adoration, besides brazen or ivory statues of Jupiter and Mercury. Even in this enlightened period, when altars are no more, and the smoke of heathen sacrifice no longer ascends, numerous idols are reverenced; and when the Lay Preacher enumerates their names, all his readers will agree with him that those who bow the knee to these modern Baals are "little children", always weak, and sometimes wicked.

A number of pretty women of my acquaintance have and will, in spite of my admonitions, set up a certain smooth-faced *idol*, on the top of their toilets. They call it a looking-glass, and worship it hourly. This is a most pernicious idol; a great cheat of their time, and an artful flatterer of their beauty. They straightway retire and forget what manner of persons they should prove. They forget the blandishments of the fond husband, and are deaf to the pathetic wailings of the neglected child. They become impatient of every domestic duty, and are careful alone with much care to be decked in purple, and perfumed with *all powders of the merchant.*—*Little* Misses! listen to a friend. Break your idol. It is brittle enough, I assure you. Read instructive books; and sometimes, on a Sunday, sermons: much better ones I mean than those of the Lay Preacher.

Another species of *glass* is a more fashionable idol than the one recently described. Its name, ye topers, haunting every Temple of Excess, is *drinking glass.* In devotion to this bewitching idol, I have seen whole companies so absorbed, with elevated eyes and outstretched hands, that, until I heard execration, I almost fancied them penitent and pious. Reeling, hiccupping, and lisping, what nearer resemblance to "little children," who stammer and sprawl, can be discovered, than those sottish worshippers of wine, who have all

the imbecility of infancy, without its innocence.

The sons of sloth might be supposed so sunken in sleep, as to be incapable of that degree of activity, necessary for prostration to an idol. But the ingenuity of the sluggard's mind seems to supply, in this instance, the want of bodily exertion. Like those torpid monks, who have contrived not to court Piety abroad, but to preclude long journeys, keep her semblance in their cell, the idler, if I may so express it, has *domesticated* his idol. He does not even wake to bow himself before it, but, supine in bed, fondly hugs his pillow! Could snorers be roused from this dream, and *put away this strange God*, how, in the beautiful phrase of Dr. Young,

> " How would it bless mankind, and *rescue me!*"

Popularity is a great idol, sought with more assiduity then ever Dagon was by the Philistines, or the calf in Oreb by the Israelites,

> Or Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
> Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
> To whose bright image nightly by the moon
> Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
> Or—Rimmon, whose delightful seat
> Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
> Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

To this idol, more fantastic than the Mumbo Jumbo of the rudest Africans, what numerous sacrifices are hourly made, by the factious demagogue and the spurious patriot! To such gross villains and hypocrites might not an honest and indignant man, whether clothed with the divine authority of the author of my text, or the sober grey of the Lay Preacher, exclaim, ye *little* impostors, abstain from servile prostration before this despicable power. With what wild vagaries does it agitate your plotting heads and your beating hearts! How it diminishes dignity! how it increases fraud! how it superinduces a mental giddiness, a vertigo of the soul, which causes the wretched victim to *topple headlong* from every nobler elevation in life, into the very mire of infamy, or, as Cowper expresses it, into

> The *pools* and *ditches* of the *Commonwealth.*

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

[*Continued.*]

CHAP. II.

" Ah! my dear Crito," he exclaimed, embracing me, " to have so early become convinced of the vanity of the sophists, and to throw yourself into the arms of the muses! I still deplore the time I passed in fruitless search after their pretended wisdom. Cultivate the inspiration which the Gods send you, and resign yourself entirely to the divine fire, with which Apollo inspires his favourites. As to a teacher, you need none but the divinity itself—if, however, you think my advice can be of any service to you, I shall give it with cheerfulness."

We then talked of poetry, as an art, and he explained to me the advantages it possesed over the other kinds of writing. " It is true," said he, " that fiction is its principal foundation: but this fiction is more useful to mankind than the pretended truths, of which the philosophers so much boast. They are perpetually contradicting each other, and their followers are so bewildered in their subtleties, that they know not what to believe, and they finally doubt every thing.‖ The poets all having the same end, to convey instruction in the most pleasant manner,¶

‖ The philosophers still preserve the character that Anacreon here gives. The Condorcets, the Wollstonecrafts, the Jeffersons, the Paines and the Godwins, are still incredulous, and still find no end, in wandering mazes lost. The last of these sages does not think it impossible but that *a beautiful white horse might start from the muzzle of his gun when he pulls the trigger, or that a plough may one day perform its own office, without any aid.* He must have some such reason as that of St. Augustine. *Credo quia impossibile est!*

¶ Horace does not confess his obligation to the Biographer, or to Anacreon, when he tells us that it is the business of the poet to mingle profit with delight—Simulet jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

can derive even advantages from the errors and incertitudes of the schools. How much more forcibly does Homer impress us with reverence and awe for the Gods, than whole volumes of their definitions and logical deductions. See how he makes the earth tremble at the mere nod of the father of Olympus. This is the true language to inspire sublime ideas of the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of the World, who rewards virtue, and will punish vice.

The philosophers, on the contrary, by reasoning and disputing on the number, the attributes, and the employment of the Gods, stifle the innate propensity we have to believe in some over-ruling divinity. So it is with the physicians. Their strange and contradictory opinions are equally perplexing; and we know not what course to pursue. The legislators fall into the same difficulty; for their principles are regulated by habit or climate, and are swayed by prejudice or caprice. One approves of theft, and another punishes it: one holds that all men are equal, and another, whose notions are better, believes that no government can exist without subordination. One establishes the matrimonial tie, and another thinks it improper. I should fatigue you, if I were to enumerate all the diversities of their opinions. If from these we come to historians, how inferior are they to the poets. A writer, who professes to record the history of his own country, is prevented by fear or partiality from giving an unbiassed narrative. And if another country be the subject of his labours, there is as much to be feared from the indulgence of hatred and the satisfaction of revenge. We therefore can place no confidence in what they write.

These objections do not apply to the poet. His business is to please and instruct. We know that his fables are generally derived from fancy; but we see that there is an inspiring divinity within him: we know that it is Apollo or Minerva who speaks by his mouth.

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd—heavenly Goddess, sing—

Thus, you remember, Homer commences; and you will find all our poets imitating his modesty, and confessing the source of their inspiration. Who would dare, then, to disbelieve what they tell us, when fortified by such authority? *

I was listening attentively to Anacreon, when some of the company came out, to rally us upon quitting them so soon; and we were easily induced to return, upon being informed that they had just received some excellent wine from Chios. † Acestor, who was master of the revels, expressed his surprise that Anacreon should have retired so early; and added, that the wine was so good, they were resolved to drink all night, as the next day was a religious festival, with which they had no concern. To this proposition Anacreon strenuously objected for some time. Acestor at length exclaimed, that to punish his obstinacy, as well as to make amends for our deserting them, we should each drink an amystis§ of the new wine, which he was confident would be an effectual aid to their intreaties. The symposiarch || being absolute, there was no resisting his decree: indeed, Anacreon was not averse from it, for he immediately cried to the attendant,

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd.

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* Some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the poet. The invocation to the muse is now merely an artifice, to unfold the contents of the poem, although, I believe, among the Ancients, it was made from a principle of religious duty.

† The Grecian epicures imported a great portion of their wines from Chios, for which it was celebrated.

§ Parrhasius, in his 26th epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. 1.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat;" but I cannot find where. M.

|| He who presided at the Grecian banquets was called the symposiarch.

His good humoured acquiescence delighted every one, and we prayed him to continue his address. He drank his wine, and then he hesitated for a few moments. Suddenly he seemed to catch an idea that pleased him, and he resumed his song:

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight:
To Scythians leave these wild excesses;
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along,
With harmony of soul and song. ¶

The music was received with raptures, but the sober advice was lost upon all. The wine was too delicious to be abandoned, and the first rays of Aurora dawned upon us before we retired. When I parted from Anacreon, he promised to renew our conversation on Poetry at some other time.

[*To be continued.*]

¶ The elegance of this translation renders it almost unnecessary to say that I am indebted to Mr. Moore for it. In his edition, it appears as the sixty second ode, and it is the fifty seventh in Barnes's. Mr. Moore adds a note, which I think proper to copy, for the information of modern Bacchanals.

But let the water amply flow, &c. It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded: (The original, which is then cited, I need not repeat. Mr. Moore thus elegantly translates it.)

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's chrystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

We learn from the Odyssey, that water was mixed with wine in the time of the Trojan war. Athenæus (lib. vi, cap. 2.) ascribes the honour of the invention to Melampus: by others it is given to Staphylus, son of Silenus. Pliny (lib. vii, cap. 56.) says, that Amphictyon, king of Athens, learnt it from Bacchus himself. And on this account he dedicated an altar to that God, under the title of ορθιος, because from that time men began to return from entertainments *sober*, and ορθοι, *upright*.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[The subject of this Memoir is with great propriety styled an amiable and accomplished man, by his Biographer, Dr. Anderson. One cannot help esteeming Logan for the friendly interest he took in the reputation of the unfortunate Bruce, a poet of much promise, who perished in Life's early morn. He might be justly suspected to be deficient in Taste, and to be cursed with a bad heart, as well as a bad head, who could not feel the beauties of Logan's pathetic Song, "The Braes of Yarrow." This Poet may, in the estimation of shallow thinkers, be degraded among the mob of Gentlemen who write with ease; but in the opinion of those just enthusiasts, who admire the Caledonian spirit as well as the literature of north Britain, he will hold a rank as elevated as his own mind.]

Of the personal history of Logan there is no written memorial. With talents and virtues that commanded the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries, he has not had the good fortune to find a biographer. Perhaps the time approaches, when the public is to be presented with a full and candid representation of him and his writings. It is expected to accompany an edition of his "Miscellaneous Works," which has been long meditated by his friend and executor, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertson, minister of Dalmeny, already advantageously known to the public by his "Inquiry into the Fine Arts," "History of Mary Queen of Scots," and other learned and ingenious performances.

In the mean time, the present writer is able to give no other account of this accomplished and amiable man, than such as is supplied by casual information, and a very slight personal knowledge.

John Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, in the county of Mid Lothian, about the year 1748. He was the second son of George Logan, a farmer at that place, and afterwards at Gossford, in the parish of Aberlady, in the country of East Lothian. He was a man of friendliness of disposition as a neighbour. In the latter part of his life he was visited by a disorder that affected his imagination and spirits, and produced an unhappy vacillation of mind, from which he was never perfectly relieved. His mother, Janet Waterston, was the

daughter of John Waterston, a small proprietor of land at Howden, in the parish of Stowe, on Gala Water, and remarkable for nothing but the mildness of her piety, the gentleness of her disposition, and the simplicity of her manners. They had two sons, of whom the poet was the youngest. James, the eldest, followed the occupation of his father, which he quitted from after his death for the profession of physic. He settled in America, and served some time as a surgeon in the American army; and died several years before the poet. Both parents were Seceders, of the class called Burghers.

Early in life he discovered a propensity to learning; and the uncommon proficiency which he made in those branches of education usually taught in remote country villages, determined his parents to educate him for the clerical profession.

After passing through the usual course of school-education in the country, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the several classes of languages, and afterwards applied himself to the several branches of philosophy and theology with remarkable assiduity and success.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, then a student at the university, which improved with their years, undisturbed by any casual mistake, or jealousy on either side. He also became acquainted with Bruce, who was his contemporary at the university. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between them, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

He had before this time given evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry, and discovered an early predilection for that more perfect species of poetical composition, which abounds in fiction and fancy, picturesque description, and romantic imagery. Hence the compositions of Spenser, Milton, Collins, Akenside, Gray, and Mason, became his favourite study; and from admiring their poetical beauties, the transition was easy to his believing himself capable of producing similar excellences. He began to write verses early; but unluckily none of his pieces are dated, so that it cannot be said at what precise age he composed them.

After the death of Bruce, he made a selection from his MSS. of such poems as he thought worthy of publication, and gave them to the world in a small 12mo volume, intituled "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce," printed at Edinburgh by subscription, in 1770, with a *Preface*, giving a short account of his life and character, and "some poems wrote by different authors." His share in this miscellany is variously represented by Dr. Robertson, and the friends of Bruce.

While he resided in the country, during the vacation of the college, the reputation of his abilities procured him the notice of Lord Elibank, who then resided at Ballencrief, in the parish of Aberlady; a nobleman, who to a consummate knowledge of polite literature, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined an exemplary spirit of true patriotism, whereof that part of the country with which he was connected still feels the salutary influence.

When he had completed his theological studies, he resided for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster, as private tutor to his son, the present Sir John Sinclair, Bart. an employment in which he was succeeded by his friend Dr. Robertson. It is unnecessary to add, that the nation is indebted to the laudable patriotism of the pupil of Logan, and of Dr. Robertson, for the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and the establishment of the "Board of Agriculture."

After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church, he was admitted a probationer of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and soon obtained so much distinction, as an eloquent and affecting preacher, that he was chosen by the Kirk-Session and Incorporations, of South-Leith, to be one of the ministers of that parish, and ordained in 1773.

Whilst he was engaged in the duties of his clerical function, he was not negligent of literature; but continued from time to time to exert his poetical faculties in various kinds of metrical composition, to which nature gave him a strong impulse.

In 1779, he delivered to a voluntary set of pupils, in St. Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, during the Winter Session of the College, a series of lectures on *The Philosophy of History*, and met with the countenance, approbation and friendship of Dr. Robertson, Principal of the university, Dr. Blair, Dr. Ferguson, and other men of genius and learning.

He read the same course of lectures during the Session of the College, 1780, with such general approbation, that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the Professorship of Universal History in the University, than vacant by the resignation of John Pringle, Esq: but this chair having been always filled by an advocate, he was reckoned inadmissible; and Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. was elected by the Magistrates and Council of the city, Feb. 16, 1780, upon a *leet* presented by the faculty of Advocates.

The reading of his lectures the year following not meeting with encouragement, he resolved to commit them to the press, and published an analysis of them, so far as they relate to ancient history, under the title of *Elements of the Philosophy of History*, 8vo, 1781, which was followed by one of the lectures *on the Manners and Government of*

Asia, 8vo, 1782. This excellent production exhibits one of the most successful attempts to apply the science of moral philosophy to the illustration of the history of mankind, that has yet appeared.

The same year, 1781, he published his *Poems*, 8vo, in which he reprinted, with some alterations, the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, originally inserted in the Collection of poems published under the name of Bruce. A second edition of his poems appeared in 1782.

In 1783, he offered his *Runnamede*, a tragedy, to Mr. Harris, the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, who put it in rehearsal; but a stop was put to its representation by an injunction from the Chamberlain's Office, on account of the allusions it was supposed to contain to the politics of the time. It was therefore first presented from the press; and notwithstanding the prejudice the world is apt to conceive against dramatic compositions that have not been exhibited on the stage, was very favourably received.

It was afterwards acted at the theatre in Edinburgh, with considerable applause.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

The reverend Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law peer, retired to ease and independence, as the Rector of ——, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this mean he entirely cured the country folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—"Render therefore unto all their due."—In explaining his text. he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeded, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you, John Trott, since you sold me those sheep, six months ago, and have never called for the money."

Mr. Lee, an eminent barrister, who travelled the Northern Circuit, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. At Norwich a brief was brought him by the relation of a woman who had been deceived in a promise of marriage. Mr. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view; and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What then must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he begged leave to add, that she had a wooden leg. This fact, of which Mr. Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion; his eloquence was thrown away, and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

For the Port Folio.

The politeness of the librarian of the Philadelphia Society, who never refuses to second the Editor's zeal to acquire useful and agreeable information, has furnished him with the following original and elegant billet from the Commentator on the laws of England to the rev. Mr. Preston, one of the munificent donors to the public library in this city.

'Mr. Justice Blackstone presents his compliments to Mr. Preston, and holds himself extremely obliged to him for his kind attention and valuable present of Marbles: a token of friendship, which derives as much value to him from the giver as from the spot whereon it was produced; and which, indeed, in the diversity of its tints and delicacy of its surface, is in itself thoroughly emblematical of the various accomplishments and polished manners of the donor.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Friday 25 Nov. 1774.

Revd. Mr. Preston,
at Edward Vincent's, Esq.
Salisbury Court, Fleet-Street.'

To the Editor of the Port Folio.

MY DEAR OLIVER,

May I take the liberty through you to ask Quidnunc how the words *progress'd, opposed,* and *inform* are misapplied in the passages he quotes. I have examined their definitions in Johnson's Dictionary; and they appear to me legal representatives of the meanings they are in these passages intended to express. This request, believe me, sir, is made with a view only to my improvement, that, having some general rule to be governed by, I may avoid such mistakes for the future.

Believe me, dear sir, your admiring and much indebted friend,

COLUMBIA.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 4.

Nunc quid agitur?.... CICERO.

Though I have not yet found a Day sufficiently disengaged for entering upon that full display of my person and character with which I seriously intend to delight and instruct my reader, yet I flatter myself that, considering, what I hope nobody will dispute, that I am one of the lightest writers living, he is not, even now, wholly in the dark concerning my leading features; and, if I do not herein deceive myself, he will be at no loss to account for the importance he sees me attach to the very simple question I have taken the pains to quote from the most celebrated of writers, and employ in so conspicuous a manner. What are we now doing? Let those who are disposed to see any thing trivial in this question, weigh it a little, in either hand, and then tell me whether they do not discover in it, at last, some 'pith and moment?' Those who read, and remember as carefully as they ought, those Days of mine that are already past, will easily recognise, in my predilection for the passage, my habitual feelings. They will know with what emphasis I am for ever inclined to enforce it on the consideration of all ranks and conditions of men; upon potentates, presidents, politicians and *petit-maîtres;* upon soldiers, lawyers, merchants and fiddlers; upon bustlers and upon dreamers; upon coquets and upon hearts of sensibility; upon youth, upon manhood, and upon age. Alas! that I could enforce it sufficiently upon myself!

It is this sentiment of mine (which I would have to predominate over my Days) that renders welcome to me the efforts of every correspondent whose eyes are directed to the Day, and who drives, or saunters, through this city, a true disciple of the *Nunc quid agitur?* The Day now passing over us has brought me two epistles, to which I gladly resign the remaining space of my paper. The first is a second communication of my good friend *Auditor.* Satisfied as I am of his honest feelings toward the gentleman whose laudable and excellent public labours are the object of his animadversions, and that nothing but his love of the art would ever induce him even to graze the skin of the artist, I freely afford my assistance to the effect of criticisms, the tendency of which is no other than that of co-operating with the orator for the improvement of the public taste. On the subject of speaking, I shall just observe from myself, that while I hear much of gesture and the other more elevated graces, I, who love to begin at the beginning, felicitate myself on the prospect of our advancement in a more humble perfection. I indulge the hope that our citizens, as well private as public speakers, will be led, by their attentions and reflections on these readings and recitations, to pronounce the right vowels in their syllables; and that the time will come when we shall not hear from our most eminent divines and others, such words as impossʳbility, sacramᵘnt, parᵘnt, parᵢnt, charᵢcter, childᵉrn, hundᵉrd, sooperstition, &c. &c.

MR. DIARY,

The pleasure I derive from Mr. Fennell's readings and recitations continues to draw me to the University, and occasions you the trouble of a second letter. I was much gratified by the recitation of *Alexander's Feast;* but, in one or two instances, I conceive there was

ground for animadversion. I do not approve of the introduction of those repetitions which belong to the ode only as set to music, and not to the written poem; as, 'sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd again,' instead of the simple verse,

Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd again.

In delivering the verses,—

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,

Mr. F. appeared to forget that they were sung, by the 'mighty master,'

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures:

he gave them the vigour and energy excited, on ordinary occasions by the words 'war,' and 'honour.' They should be so uttered as to inspire a contempt for their 'trouble' and 'emptiness;' and this can never be done by the expression employed by Mr. F. It was not by pealing in the ears of Alexander, with the accompaniments of the kettle drum and trumpet, the words 'War' and 'Honour,' that Timotheus

——sooth'd his captive soul to pleasures.

Mr. F. did not mark the conclusion of the song, and the recommencement of the narrative, at

The king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.

Cato's Soliloquy was delivered with great elegance; but Mr. F. did not appear to understand a part of the text which, I freely grant, is obscure, and not to be properly spoken without some difficulty:

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

We have here, not two propositions, but one. It is not that, ''tis the divinity that *stirs within us*,' and 'Heav'n itself, that *points out an hereafter*;' but, that ''tis the divinity-that-stirs-within-us—'tis Heav'n itself—that points out an hereafter:' the 'divinity that stirs within us,' is no more than Addison's paraphrase of the Platonic expression, *the god within the mind*. It may be observed, that, by the help of the second term, ''tis Heav'n itself,' Addison modernises the sentiment, uniting the doctrines of Plato with our own; and thus rendering the language, appropriate to the mouth of Cato, agreeable also to the ears of a Christian audience.

A severe hoarseness prevented Mr. Woodham from adding, on this evening, his usual and very pleasing part of the entertainment; and Mr. Fennell was obliging enough, on this account, to add to the pieces prescribed, a repetition of *Clarence's Dream*. I cannot speak too highly of the *latter* part of this recitation; none who heard it have forgotten, I am sure, the line—

False, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence!

On a subsequent evening, Mr. F. has given us, with the grace so truly his own, two extracts from the delicious poetry of Thomson. The pleasure afforded by his *Johnny Gilpin* will no doubt induce him to pay further attention to the laughter-loving Muse.

Closely driven for a little paper, I shall take my leave of you, Mr. Diary, with a single observation on *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death*. There are two senses which may be given to the words, 'To be, or not to be.'

To *be*, or not to *be*,

may mean that something shall be done or not be done, and it is usually delivered as if so taken; but,

To BE, or not to BE,

is intended to signify, as I believe it will not be disputed, To *exist*, or not to *exist*, not to *have being*; and the emphasis employed rarely discovers this pregnance of idea.

One word more. Can any thing, but the recollection of the fitness of the argument to the mind of man ruminating on suicide, reconcile us to the answer given by Hamlet to the question he proposes, 'Else who would fardels bear, &c.' and which is this, 'But that the dread of something after death, &c.?' Were it not a better conclusion that it is the bonds of our affections and the allurements of our hopes, that chain us to life, under its worst forms?

—We could not live, did we not hope
To-morrow would be better than to-day.

The influence of our affections is expressed in the following well-known lines, with at once the elegance and the freedom of the age that produced them:

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would please no more,
If you thought Fame but empty breath,
I, pretty Polly, but a w—e.

AUDITOR.

MR. DIARY,

Lend an ear, sir, to a complaint from our quarter. We have a publication, a late number of which contains an article highly panegyrical of the poems of Mr. Clifton. This gentleman's verses, it seems, have the old fault of lying a little sluggishly on the shelves of the booksellers. I will be silent concerning them. I will not disturb their sleep. It is sometimes dangerous to be found with the dead; one may be accused of murder. *Requiescant in pace;* but not so the critic. To elevate his favourite bard, he utters his lamentations that such an one is neglected, while editions of the *prurient* Moore, and the driveller Strangford, are multiplied. Would you believe it, sir! the poems of the driveller Strangford are employed, without a name, to decorate every number of this work! Mr. Moore is not always elegant, either in thought, expression, or diction, and my lord Strangford is not always correct in his English; but let the panegyrist of Mr. Clifton be assured that there is nothing unaccountable in the preference they obtain.

BOSTON.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Original Sea Wit.—A Tar passing by one of those corners in this city, where idlers assemble for the benefit of the sun in cold weather, observed one basking himself, and called out, "Hoa, brother, what latitude are you in? I see you are taking the sun."

A sailor passing one, in our market, on a stormy morning, who held an umbrella over his head, with scarcely any thing remaining but the sticks, called to him, "hard weather, brother! I see you are scudding under bare poles."

Snaws awhiles.—It was at Inverary, Scotland, a disappointed traveller, who had been confined to his inn three or four days, by wet, peevishly exclaimed at his departure, "what! does it rain here always?" "Hoot na," answered the landlord, with great simplicity, "it snaws awhiles."

When Lord Buckley married a rich and beautiful lady, who had been solicited at the same time by Lord Powis, in the rage of felicity he wrote thus to the Duke of Dorset:

Dear Dorset—I am the happiest dog alive! Your's

BUCKLEY.

ANSWER.

Dear Buckley—Every dog has his day. Your's

DORSET.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Hunting Song" shall be soon inserted. This species of song writing is not common in America, and the jovial horn is seldom heard. But a *British* foxhunter and enthusiast might exclaim

Oh give me the lads of the chase,
Brave boys! who wont start from the bowl,
The juice of the grape in their face,
And frolic and fun in their soul!

C. B. the Canadian poet, who, we are assured, produced most of his translations from the Greek poets at the age of 17, is not of that *præcox genus* which Quintilian has described.

SEDLEY's communications are not thrown into the fire, nor into a corner. We have passed no act of oblivion, respecting this young gentleman. The series of essays, which he has commenced, we hope he will finish. Let him be studious of the *periodical* style, and, when writing in the character of a *Lounger*, shun the error of some of our correspondents, who totally mistake the attributes of such a character, and make him as heavy as a Dutch commentator, or a High German theologian. An Idler is not always lumpish, nor always lazy, as described by vulgar naturalists. He often thinks with quickness, and his proper style is that of Colman and Thornton.

"Helianthe" is no ordinary favourite of the ladies.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You will be pleased to find that your very useful paper is read with approbation on the banks of St. Lawrence. Ambitious of contributing something in support of the good cause, which you have undertaken, I have opened my private Port-Folio, and send you the contents of the first page. Should you think them worthy of insertion, I may now and then transmit you an article in prose or verse.

A LAMENT ON BURNS.

At Wauchope House great was the din,
Amang the neebours kyth and kin,
An down their cheeks the saut tears rin,
But no remeid;
The Brisk Guide wife wi greetings thin,
For Burns is dead.

O Scotland, thou mayst seb and grane,
Great cause thou hast to make thy mane,
For sic a Bard as he that's gane,
Thou'lt never see;
Base death thou mights fu' mony ta'en,
Less worth than he.

Where sall we get anither Wight,
Cries the guide wife, wi saul sae bright,
To mak our weary folks loup light,
Amid'st their toils;
He gart them laugh in sweet delight,
At life's turmoils.

Death's friens, or faes, he need na jeuk,
Behint the door, or i' the neuk;
Even killing Doctor Hornbook
May shaw his face,
For he that gave him minie a peuke,
Has rin his race.

Ye haly saints of step demur,
An cankart are as ony cur
Stroke down your chins, for that sharp bur,
Is now awa;
Wha aften teuk your borrow'd fur
A waefu claw.

And ye wha little ither think,
Than how to come at draps o' drink,
Your Bardie's e'en na langer blink
At the fu gill,
Ah! never shall he birle his clink
Wi' hearty will.

O bonny lasses, hearts sae true,
Wha' Hymen's gifts wi' fondness view,
And honest wives an' widows too;
Lament his fall.
He was a better frien' to you
Than to himsel'.

Caul' is the han' o' that daft Ranter,
That taul the tale o' Tam O'Shanter,
His blythsome Muse nae mair shall canter,
Wi' mirth an' glee;
Her hapless crony ne'er shall want her,
An' now she's free.

See Scotia's Genius, a' in tears,
Wi' dolefu' sobbings much he fears,
In spite o' a' his painfu' cares,
He maun rin out,
For when his outmost strength he waves,
Death craps the fruit.

This was the case wi' dainty Allan,
Wha's genius was a gawky stallion,
The joy of Highland man and Lawlan;
O dreary lot,
Death rusht upon the canty callan,
And squeez'd his throat.

Diel worry death that I should ban,
The curst mishapen fae o' man,
Scarce Ferguson his sangs began,
A genius rare,
Death gae him sic a blow off han',
He ne'er sang muir.

As they were makin this palaver,
Misca'en Death that gruesome shaver,
They hear a dunt a'hint the keber,
Aboon the wa':
Whilk gars ilk ane hud fast their neebor,
And skairt them a'.

The queerest shape that e'er ye saw,
Appears of length guide Scotch ells twa,
But fient a name it had awa,*
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp and sma,
As cheeks o' branks.

"Ye may be sley'd, for Death's my name,
"I come (it cries) to fend my fame,
"Frae wicked slanner. Fie for shame
"Ye drunken rout;
"To throw on ony ane sic blame
"Wha's back's about.

"When whisky burns the liver white,
"When pleasures drain the strength and sight,
"When lazy loons their shankies blight,
"An' quickly die;
"Its always death wha gets the wyte,
"An' nane but me.

"Ye glaiket coofs, from henceforth ken,
"That death's a frien' to honest men,
"And cunning slight will aye disdain,
"Wi' noble scunner,
"Or kill by ony ither mean,
"Than laws o' honor.

"The auld alane I think my due,
"And when they're wise they think so too:
"If younkers want to join the crew,
"Ayent the Burn;
"The summons which, they serve, if true,
"I maun return.

"Ye ken fu' weel the killing faut,
"That Burns twind o' his kail and saut
"And from his customs ye may wat,
"Could ne'er grow gray;
"He teuk too much of oil o' maut,
"Het usquebae.

* This stanza taken from Burns.

" Had he but ta'en a drappie less,
" And gotten ance a higher place,
" Where cursed stills to square and trace,
" Were never seen;
" He might for me run on his race,
" These years nineteen.
" Now, if ye a' be unco laith,
" To ca' by ye're ain summons death,
" And dinna wish to yield your breath,
" This monie a day;
" Be always gude, and shun the skaith
" Of usquebae.

For the Port Folio.

As I am not altogether shut out from the Grecian and Roman literature, my communications may sometimes consist of translations; as a specimen I send you Aristotle's famous Ode to Virtue, from the Greek of Athenæus; a book, which I would recommend to all those among your readers, who are desirous of classical attainments. I have often wondered that this excellent Ode, the only piece of poetry that the Stagyrite ever wrote, has never been translated.

How hard for mortal man to climb
Above the Passions' baleful strife;
Where glorious virtue sits sublime;
Yet this the noblest toil of life.
O goddess bright, thy smiles to gain,
The lap of ease the Greeks disdain;
In quest of cruel toils they flee,
Unwearied still for love of thee.
Death's bitterest torments too they dare,
For pregnant minds by thee inspir'd,
The immortal fruits of glory bear;
Far more than gold to be desir'd,
More precious than a father's glow,
Whose joyous sons Olympic crowns display,
Or balmy sleep, of cares the foe,
Assuaging sorrow after long delay.
Relentless woes on ev'ry shore,
Where Sol his annual circle runs,
For thee divine Alcides bore,
And beauteous Leda's valiant sons;
Thy power resistless they proclaim,
In vast exploits of deathless fame.
Nor Ajax nor Achilles dreads
For love of thee, to view the shades.
Hermias boldly leaves the light,
Allur'd by thine effulgent form;
A hero cloth'd in glory bright,
The fruit of many a boist'rous storm.
The Muses, Jove's indulgent race,
To him with smiles immortal crowns award,
Their sire they praise with magic grace,
And faithful friendship's heavenly sweet reward.

N. N.

The Smile: An Elegy.

Oh say for whom Pity reclin'd on yon bier,
Thus discharges the tribute of woe;
'Tis for Edwin, who lately could banish the tear,
Which he now has occasion'd to flow!
Form'd to taste all the innocent transports of youth,
No alloy could his pleasures beguile;
And his soul, the resemblance of Candor and truth,
Was express'd in his face by a *smile!*
Where that smile once appear'd all was comfort and mirth,
And solicitude fell from the mind;
Whilst the beauties and virtues of Edwin gave birth
To the love and esteem of mankind!
But the world—and the notions of mortals below,
Little joy to his soul could impart,
And the *smile* that illumin'd him most, us'd to glow,
When caress'd by the girl of his heart!
'Twas Eliza he lov'd; and had hop'd in her charms
Every bliss, every treasure to see:
But Eliza was faithless and fled to the arms
Of a wealthier lover than he!—
When he heard it, his conscience, with purity bright,
Seem'd to scorn all the horrors of care;
But 'twas finish'd!—the smile of content and delight
Was exchang'd for a *smile* of despair!
At the altar undaunted he stood by her side,
When her hand to his rival was given;
And in silence invok'd on the fond faithless bride
The protection and blessing of Heaven.
At the feast, amid riot and merriment's sound,
He appear'd every passion to brave;
And he smil'd as the joke and the bottle went round,
But that smile, was the *smile* of the grave!
And 'twas just—as the day when Eliza he knew,
All his hopes of enjoyment arose;
So the day when his hopes with her promises flew
Mark'd his sojourn on earth with its close.
Yet has innocence triumph'd o'er sorrow's last strife;
Angels caught his expiring breath;
And the *smile* which he wore through the tenor of life
Has not left Edwin's features in death.

C. B.

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